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Lazy Jim Warner.

"Oh, dear!" said lazy Jim Warner,
"If I could sit under a tree,
Or sit in the chimney corner,
Eating a pie, like little Jack Horner,
What a lucky young chap I'd be!
There's the cat and the dog,
And the ant and the frog,
And the bird and the bee,
All so happy and free,
With nothing to do but to play;
While I must learn, each day,
To read and to spell,
Which you know very well
Is awful hard work for me."

"Mew! mew!" said the cat, "you know better;
Of rats I, this day, have caught five."
"Bow wow!" said old Bruno, the setter,
"I know what work means, to the letter."
"Buz! buz!" said the bee in the hive.
Yes, the cat and the dog,
And the ant and the frog,
And the bird and the bee,
Are all busy, you see,
And do their work thorough and well.
So don't give up learning to spell,
Jimmy Warner, I pray,
But study each day;
Then see what a scholer you'll be.

What the Clock Says.

"Tick," the clock says, "tick, tick, tick!"
What you have to do, do quick;
Time is gliding fast away;
Let us act, and act to-day.

If your lesson you would get,
Do it now, and do not fret;
That alone is hearty fun
Which comes after work is done.

When your mother says, "Obey,"
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick;
What you have to do, do quick.

For the Myrtle.

Daisy.

CHAPTER XII.

[Concluded.]

A FEW days only were allotted Royal for a furlough. The morning after his sister's funeral, he was obliged to bid adieu to his friends and return to his regiment. Daisy did all in her power to fill a daughter's place to the bereaved parents. When the springtime came, an opportunity offered her to take the place of assistant teacher in a school where she could do all that was required of her as a teacher, and have a chance to recite with the advanced pupils in some of the higher branches. By learning her lessons out of school she could be advancing as a scholar and gaining something of a teacher's discipline at the same time. Her parents advised the acceptance of the situation, and in a short time she was installed in her new position. There she labored faithfuliy and well, both for her pupils' advancement and her own improvement.

For two years she held the position, when one of a higher grade in the same school was offered her. Daisy gladly accepted it. She was to enter upon her new duties the next term, but an unlooked-for event caused her to ask to be released from the engagement.

One day during the vacation a stranger drove into Mr. Armstrong's yard. It was raining very

violently; from her chamber window Daisy saw him put his horse in an empty shed, and she supposed it was a traveller, only seeking shelter from the storm. She heard him speak with Mr. Armstrong at the door, and as he stood under cover of the piazza they held quite a conversation there, only the indistinct murmur of their voices reaching her. Soon they entered the sitting-room, and she heard Mr. Armstrong excitedly enquire, "Where is Daisy?" Then only the low sound of their voices reached her; it seemed an age to her that she sat there cold and trembling. She felt sure something of importance had occurred or was about to,—something of interest to herself. But what could it be? Could it be Royal was sick, or—no! no! for only last evening a letter came from him. What then could it be? She felt that it related to herself; she half guessed the truth, but dared not believe it *was* the truth.

Presently Mrs. Armstrong's step sounded upon the stairs, and turned toward her room; then she was coming to tell her—to tell her what? Daisy did not feel that she had strength enough to rise and there she sat, awaiting her mother's approach.

Mrs. Armstrong started back at sight of her pale face.

"Why, Daisy! What is the matter?" said she.

"I don't know," said Daisy, trying to calm herself. "Who is that man?"

"A stranger to us, but he says he can tell us something of your own parents," replied Mrs. Armstrong, who wished to break the news as gently as possible to her.

Now that the dreadful suspense was over, Daisy felt herself grow strong again. Passively she allowed herself to be led into the stranger's presence. But when there she could not speak. She had so longed to hear of her parents, and now—she hardly seemed strong enough to listen. She scarcely noticed the stranger until he exclaimed,

"She is the very picture of her mother!"

"Was her name Elsie Grafton?" asked Daisy suddenly.

"That was her maiden name," replied he.

"I knew it!" whispered Daisy; "and she is dead?" she asked.

"She is."

"I knew it; I knew it."

"How did you know those things?" eagerly inquired her foster parents, in a breath.

"I felt as if a mother could *not* abandon her child to strangers—that is why I thought her dead. I first heard that name on board the boat" she continued; and then she related the little incident. "I have thought about it and thought about it," said Daisy "until I came to believe that that was my mother's name and that that lady used to know my mother; and I have thought many times that I was beside her and just as I was going to ask her questions which I have since wished I had asked when on the boat, I have awoke all of a tremble to find it only a dream."

"I fear you can never respect the the one, who thrust you, a tender infant, upon a stranger's care" said the gentleman: "but I am the one that did it—and impossible as it may seem I am your—father."

Daisy sat like one stunned.

"I do not wish to take you from your foster parents" continued Mr. May, (for that was the gentleman's name.) "I feel that they have a far greater right to you than I can ever claim: when you have heard my story perhaps you will feel more of pity than of scorn for me.

I was left an orphan at an early age, and came up without knowing much love or care from any one, until I knew Elsie Grafton. She like myself was an orphan; but she lived with an aged aunt. When that aunt died, I persuaded Elsie to marry me. We removed to a distant town; there we lived very happily for a time. I earned a comfortable living for us, for I had a good trade. Then my child was born and there my wife died. I had been dissipated before Elsie knew me, but her influence kept me from yielding to the tempter. If she had lived I might have been a very different man. But when she died, I was almost crazed: I could not bear the sight of my infant. I looked upon it as the cause of all my misery. I told the nurse to pack the baby clothes in a trunk, gave her my wife's clothing, settled up my affairs, and left the place. We had not been on intimate terms with any one, so none of the neighbors knew, or cared where I went. I started for the seaboard carrying the babe in a handled basket: Ladies helped me to attend to its wants and I got along very well for one night and day, getting its drink at the depots. A sudden impulse seized me. I would end myself of the care of it and have it out of my sight. I stopped at a small station, opened my trunk and took its clothing from it and put them with it in the basket. No

one saw me do it. I hired a carriage and drove many miles that night: you know the rest. I left the town in an early train and immediately shipped for Australia. To drown my thoughts, I drank worse than I ever had before. For years I led a wretched life. Through some cause, I know not what, I began to reform: perhaps Elsie's love reached down to me, and helped me to listen to the voice of reason. I grew to be a decent man again and I was prospered in business. Then I longed to know something of my only kin upon the earth. I knew in what town I had left you, but I did not know in whose care. Twice I wrote to the Post Master of the place to learn if you were living: To-day he told me he never received the letters. At last I formed the plan of coming here to find you. When I reached the town I had no difficulty in finding the little Maybasket girl, for the inhabitants were not likely to forget so unusual an occurance as that was."

Here the stranger paused: Daisy arose and put her hand in his: turning to Mrs. Armstrong she said, "All things are for the best. I can see it now, better than I could in the days when I used to grieve so because they called me Maybasket."

"Can you then forgive your unnatural father?" asked Mr. May.

"I can" said Daisy, looking with compassion in his face—"has not your suffering been many times greater than mine?"

Mr. May took up his residence in Mr. Armstrong's family: by that arrangement he could see his daughter without depriving her good foster parents of her company.

It had been the desire of Daisy's heart to perfect herself in the higher branches of study: For that end she had planned to teach and study toether, until her means would admit of her attending such a school as she wished to. Mr. May was amply able to give her the advantages she longed for, and he insisted upon doing something to give him a right to a portion of her love—so the engagement to teach was broken, and Daisy had a chance to enter into the kind of life she had often pictured to herself.

She who had been faithful over little was faithful over more.

Daisy grew up to be a true and noble woman—filling her life with unselfish deeds, and making sunshine for many hearts. Her friends enthusiastically declare that if persons ever deserved a share of rare good fortune one of them was Daisy Armstrong May.

When Uncle Sam no longer required his services, Royal returned safe and sound to his anxious friends. Throughout the Union there could not be found happier people than those who gathered with thankful hearts, around Mr. Armstrong's cheerful hearth.

The Bitter and the Sweet.

COME, darling Effie,
Come, take the cup;
Effie must drink it all,—
Drink it all up.

Darling, I know it is
Bitter and bad;
But 'twill make Effie dear
Rosy and glad.

Mother would take it all
For her wee elf;
But who would suffer then?
Effie herself.

If Effie drinks it,
Then, I can tell,
She will go out to play
Merry and well.

Drink; and then, darling,
You shall have this:
Sweet after bitter,
Now, first, a kiss.

Ah, darling Effie!
God also knows,
When cups of bitterness
His hand bestows.

How his poor children need
Urging to take
Merciful draughts of pain
Mixed for their sake.

He, too, gives tenderly
Joy after pain;
Sweet after bitterness;
After loss, gain.

—*The Churchman.*

Always Speak the Truth.

"Be the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth;
Whether work, or whether play,
Always speak the truth.

Never from this rule depart:
Grave it deeply on your heart:
Written 'tis in Virtue's chart—
Always speak the truth."

Falsehood seldom stands alone—
Always speak the truth;
One begets another one—
Always speak the truth.

For the Myrtle.

Easter.

Roses for Easter!
Fresh as the joy of this gladdening day,
Sweet as the breath of the hastening May,
Roses for Easter!

Roses for Easter!
Red as the blood upon Calvary shed,
Warm as the life that went down to the dead,
Roses for Easter!

Lilies for Easter!
White with the paleness of anguish and grief,
Drooping with sorrow that finds no relief,
Lillies for Easter!

Lilies for Easter!
Fair as the skies whence the Saviour was given,
Pure as the life that went back into Heaven,
Lilies for Easter!

Sweet flowers or Easter
Coming with springtime up out of their prison,
Saying in symboly "Jesus is risen."
All flowers for Easter! *H. A. B.*

Blessed Jesus.

Jesus, thou art meek and lowly:
May an infant learn of thee?
Teach me to be wise and holy;
Let me thy salvation see.

I have read the wondrous story
Of thy life and painful death;
And in Calvary's cross I'll glory
Long as I have life and breath.

Say, dear Jesus, I'm forgiven;
Let me hear thy loving voice;
Till I rise with thee to heaven,
Bid me in thy love rejoice.

Rev. H. J. Betts.

For the Myrtle.

"My Little Boy."

A YOUNG man was walking rapidly through a poor street of the city, intent on some matter of business; when, noticing the name of the street, he ran back a few steps, mounted quickly a flight of stairs and rung a bell. A woman came to the door, fresh and flushed from her ironing-board. She nodded and waited as if to say "What do you want?"

"Is my little boy here?" he asked of her.

"No sir," said she "there aint no little boy here that I know of but mine."

"But I think my little boy must be here," said he with a smile.

"I don't know nothing about your little boy," said the woman, somewhat sharply.

"Oh, I think you do," said he, still smiling. "My little boy's name is Willie Drown."

Why, that's *my* little boy," said the mother in amazement.

"But I say it's *my* little boy" said the young man.

The woman was fairly bewildered. "Who are you, and what do you mean?" she cried.

I am Willie's Sunday School teacher," said the young man, laughing, "and I want to see my little boy."

"Oh!" said the woman, her own face breaking out into smiles all over, "then you're Mr. Parker! I know how nice and kind you've been to my poor boy, he's told me many a time. He is your little boy, sure enough. Won't you come in a bit, sir, though its a poor place to come to." And she wiped a chair with her apron.

"Thank you" said the young man, "but I can only stop a moment. And I wanted to see my little man a moment, if he was at home."

He's down at the back door on the street, sunning himself," said the woman. "He's been sick sir, and that's the reason he hasn't been for three Sundays. But he's getting well again."

"Oh that's the reason I missed him, then. Has he been out of the store all this time?"

"Oh, sir, then you know all about him! Well, he's been out, and worse, he's lost his place by the sickness, and what we shall do now I don't know."

Mr. Parker went in and sat down and had a pleasant talk with the woman for five minutes, all about Willie, and his Sunday School, and his sickness and the work and all their troubles. You know a great deal can be said in five minutes when one is in a hurry. Mrs. Drown was going to call Willie, but the young man said no; he would see him when he went down.

Then he ran down the stairs and round to the back door. Sure enough, there sat Willie sunning himself, while his big cat asleep on his knees was sunning herself too. He looked a little pale, but bright and happy. And how his eyes sparkled when he saw his teacher!

Mr. Parker patted him on the head and told

him how they had missed him at School, and how glad he should be to see him back. Then he said "What are you going to do now for a place, Willie?"

"I don't know," said Willie, and his face fell, "I want something to do, somewhere."

"Well come round to the store where I work," said the young man; and gave him a large card. Come to-morrow, and I will see what can be done."

The next day Willie was on hand and found that he just filled the place of errand boy that they wanted so much. It was the first step to many a step of good fortune for Willie, and the bond of a life-long friendship between him and his teacher.

And it all came because the young man, in the midst of his business, hurrying through the street, had that one moment of thought and care for "his little boy."

H. A. B.

My Pink.

I had a Carnation Pink given me. I tended it and cared for it, and waited patiently till it was time for it to bloom.

Then, I began to look for flowers. But the year went by and brought me no blossoms.

When the next spring came, I placed my plant in the warm sun and tended it more than ever. "It will certainly bloom now," I said.

But no buds came and I began to weary. Several times, I came near throwing it away. But I waited.

"Your Pink is very thrifty," one and another said, as they came in.

"Yes," I would answer, "It gives me plenty of leaves and branches. But I want more blossoms."

One morning, I took out my knife. "It must be trimmed," I said. "It will never bloom with all these branches."

One branch after another was severed and laid down. When I was through, only three or four branches were left, and the rough stalk.

"Poor Pink," I said. "But it had to be done."

The sun shone down warmer than ever, and the branches left began to run straight up. Up, up, they went, as fast as a Pink could possibly go, for ten or twelve inches.

"Will it bloom now?" I said, a little anxiously.

One morning, I looked, and there was a tiny bud. It grew larger and larger. Other buds came, too.

"It will bloom! It will bloom!" I said. joyously.

The buds opened slowly but surely, till finally one Sabbath morning found it crowned with two perfect, fragrant flowers.

And, standing over the flower that morning, I heard a little sermon.

My beautiful Pink was the text. And this was the sermon:

You have loved and watched your Pink. So God loves and watches you.

You were sad when it did not bloom. So God is sad, when you do not produce good deeds, out of love for him. Good deeds are as beautiful as your flowers; but the love of God makes them fragrant. You were obliged to apply the pruning knife and sever one branch after another, before you brought me any blossoms. So God is often compelled to discipline you by sorrow and affliction before you enter heartily into his service, but remember that he does it in love.

You rejoice this morning over the fragrant blossom. So God rejoices when you produce good deeds, and he finds in them the fragrance of love for him.

The Vacant Places.

How much soever in this life's mutations
We seek our shattered idols to replace,
Not one in all the myriads of the nations
Can ever fill another's vacant place.

Each has his own, the smallest and most humble,
As well as he revered the wide world through,
With every death some loves and hopes must crumble,
Which never strive to build themselves anew.

If the fair race of violets should perish,
Before another spring-time had its birth,
Could all the costly blooms which florists cherish,
Bring back its April beauty to the earth?

Not the most gorgeous flower that uncloses
Could give the olden grace to vale and plain
Not even Persia's gardens full of roses,
Could ever make the world so fair again.

And so with souls we love, they pass and leave us;
Time teaches patience at a bitter cost;
Yet all the new loves which the years may give us,
Fill not the heart-place aching for the lost.

New friends may come with spirits even rarer,
And kindle once again the tear-drowned flame;
But yet we sigh, "This love is stronger, fairer
And better, it may be—but not the same!"

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Easter was celebrated not only in most of our churches but by many of the Sunday Schools. At the Columbus Ave church in this city the School had its thirty-eighth anniversary with the usual reports, addresses by various friends, and a very rare quality of singing by the School. In solo or chants the music was equally beautiful and effective. The exercises were held in the afternoon in the church proper, and the Easter decorations, beautiful with calla lilies and running vines and roses, served a double purpose. The School has just lost its former valued Superintendent, Mr. J. D. Perkins, who removes to New York, but it passes into the excellent leadership of the junior pastor Rev. H. I. Cushman.

—Easter in the School at Salem is thus reported. "Despite the weather, the church was filled. The decorations were excellent. Back of the pulpit on the wall were these words, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' At the foot of the pulpit was a cross filled with white and red roses. Above the cross was placed a crown. It was the part of the younger scholars to transfer the flowers in the cross to the crown, and repeat a verse appropriate for the occasion. The flowers were put into the crown by the superintendent so as to represent the word "Christ." As each letter was formed some of the older scholars sang a verse. Afrer the completion of the word "Christ," a young lady read the the piece entitled, "The Resurrection." The Infant Class then closed the exercises by placing at the top of the crown a bouquet of rose buds, and singing a few verses composed by Mrs. E. C. Bolles. The pastor, Dr. Bolles, made a brief address, and the exercises closed."

—The Shawmut School of this city also celebrated the day with special services. The church was profusely decorated for morning service, mottos appropriate to the day being interspersed with the flowers. The pastor preached from the text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." After the close, ten persons were received into the church by baptism. In the Sunday School there were special exercises, opened by an address from the pastor, upon the significance of the observance of the Lenten season. After devotional exercises by the School, Mr. Hutchinson of the Hutchinson family sung, "Mary at the Cross," and "There is no Death." An address was also made by Mr. Henry B. Metcalf. After the close of the service the flowers which had been used in the church decorations were distributed among the sick by the members of the society.

—The Superintendent of our School at Taunton, Mr. Chas. Foster, was lately made the victim of a happy surprise, thus described by the *Universalist*; "At an early hour on Wednesday, the 2d, the lecture room was lighted up, and the gathering was ready. A message was sent Mr. Foster that his presence was requested at the church. On his appearance, the assistant superintendent, Mr. N. H. Lovell, called the assembly to order and proceeded with a short literary exercise, the beginning of which was an address of welcome by Miss Minnie Worsley. Other declamations, etc., were gone through with when Miss Alice Colby, a young miss, made a presentation address—our friend all the while as much in a mystery as if taken up into the clouds. At an appropriate time there was brought forth from a secluded corner a fine painting and handed to the bewildered recipient. After recovering somewhat his equanimity, Mr. Foster responded at length in a feeling and touching manner, referring to the scenes of his late visit to the South and contrasting them with the happy hours spent at home and in Sunday School. The speaker closed with his heartfelt thanks to the School for their beautiful gift and for the esteem in which he was held by them. The picture is a painting, Half Moon Harbor, beautifully executed by Mrs. Mellen, widow of a former pastor. It represents the entrance to the harbor of Gloucester, directly in front of the grounds where the great Centenary Meeting was held. It is 18 by 28 inches inside the frame, mounted in a very heavy gilt moulding and cost the modest sum of one hundred dollars. Great credit is due those who managed the affair, as all was in perfect harmony and union with the spirit of the gathering.

MAINE.

—The friends at Rockland have had a series of lectures for the Sunday School, which, besides all the benefit in themselves, have given the School $280.

—The Sunday School in Calais is in a prosperous condition, with a fine library. Once a month they have a Praise Meeting, which adds much to the zeal and devotion of the School.

The Providence Meeting.

The programme of the Sunday School Institute to be held in Providence April 23rd and 24th comes to hand too late to reach our readers before the meeting. But as we shall not be able to tell them anything about the meeting till next week we will give this week the topics and speakers.

WEDNESDAY.

10 A. M.—Devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. E. H. Capen.

10½ A. M.—Address of Welcome, by Rev. H. W. Rugg.

11 A. M.—The Sunday School as a Redemptive force in Society, by Rev. I. M. Atwood.

11½ A. M.—Oral and Written Questions.

2 P. M.—The place of the Old Testament Scriptures in Sunday School Instruction, by Rev. J. G. Adams.

2½ P. M.—The place of the New Testament Scriptures in Sunday School Instrction, by Rev. J. C. Snow.

3 P. M.—Model Sunday School, by Miss J. B. Cherrington.

3½ P. M.—A Criticism of present methods of Sunday School Instruction, by Rev. A. St. John Chambré.

4 P. M.—The Teacher in his Class, by Charles J. Noyes.

4½ P. M.—Oral and Written Questions.

7½ P. M.—Lecture—Subject ,Verbal Illustrations, by Rev. J. Smith Dodge, Jr,

8½ P. M.—General Discussion.

THURSDAY.

8 A. M.—Teachers' Experience Meeting, led by W. S. Johnson.

9½ A. M.—The Blackboard in Sunday School, by Rev. A. B. Hervey.

10 A. M.—The Advantages of Suuday School Periodicals, by Rev. G. W. Perry.

10½ A. M.—The Difficulties of a Country Sunday School and How to Overcome them, by Rev. E. S. Conger.

11 A. M.—Model System of Sunday School Instruction, by Mrs. M. H. Harris.

11½ P. M.—Oral and Written Questions.

2 P. M.—The Reciprocal Relation of the Church and Children, by Rev. O. F. Safford.

2½ P. M.—The Reciprocal Relation of the Church and Sunday School Teachers, by Rev. H. I. Cushman.

3 P. M.—Communion Service.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON VIII.—PETER.

Question. — What was the theme of Peter's discourse on the day of Pentecost?

Answer. — Acts ii. 24.

NOTE. It will be remembered that when Jesus foretold his death, that Peter, believing that the Messiah was never to die, said, "for be it from thee, Lord." Now Peter and the other apostles see that the death and resurrection of Christ, is clearly a Scripture doctrine, and they labor to show the chosen people that the Christ, according to the Scriptures, was to die and rise again.

Q. — What did Peter assent to?

A. — Acts ii. 32.

Q. — What did he wish all the Israelites to know?

A. — Acts ii. 36.

Q. — How many publicly acknowledged that they were convinced that the death and resurrection of the Christ was a doctrine of their Scriptures?

A. — Acts ii. 41.

Q. — As Peter and John were going into the temple on a day soon after the day of Pentecost, what did they see at the gate?

A. — Acts iii. 2.

Q. — What did Peter do for him?

A. — Acts iii. 6, 7.

Q. — Did this miracle attract the attention of the multitude?

A. — Acts iii. 11, 12.

Q. — By whom did Peter declare that the miracle was wrought?

A. — Acts iii. 14, 16.

Q. — What did he say the prophets foretold of the Christ?

A. — Acts iii. 18.

Q. — As Peter was teaching, who came and arrested Peter and John?

A. — Acts iv. 1.

Q. — Why did the Sadducees obtain their arrest?

A. — Acts iv. 2.

NOTE. The Sacdducees denied the immortality of man and even the existence of spirits. And they could not endure that so many should become believers in the resurrection, and therefore endeavored to stop the apostles from preaching the doctrine of Christ's resurrection.

Q. — How many men had come to believe in the resurrection of Christ?

A. — Acts iii. 4.

Q. — By whom did Peter assure the persecutors, that the miracle was wrought?

A. — Acts iv. 10.

Q. — As the Sadducees feared to condemn Peter and John, what did they decide to do?

A. — Acts iv. 17.

Q. — Did Peter and John heed the threat?

A. — Acts iv. 19, 20.

Q. — When Peter and John were released and had joined the believers again, what prayer did they all join in making?

A. — Acts iv. 29.

Enigma.

1. An attribute of God.
2. One of Naomi's daughters.
3. A plant applied to the Savior.
4. He who ascended in a whirlwind of fire.
5. The first high priest.
6. One of the apostles.
7. The last son of Jacob.
8. The beloved wife of Jacob.
9. A witch.
10. One of Paul's friends.
11. One of the ebistles.
12. The son of Solomon.
13. The prophet fed by a widow.
14. The king who eat grass.

My whole is a command to all Christians.

M. S. H.

Answer.

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